Z239.
N28
1921f

JOHN HENRY NASH LIBRARY
SAN FRANCISCO
PRESENTED TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
ROBERT GORDON SPROUL, PRESIDENT.
BY
MR. AND MRS. MILTON S. RAY
CECILY, VIRGINIA AND ROSALYN RAY
AND THE
RAY OIL BURNER COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/littlewillie00fielrich

LITTLE WILLIE BY EUGENE FIELD

SAN FRANCISCO
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1921

This edition comprising two hundred copies was printed by John Henry Nash of San Francisco for Louis A. Kohn of Chicago in October, Nineteen Hundred & Twenty-one.

HEN *Willie was a little boy*
Not more than five or six,
Right constantly he did annoy
His mother with his tricks.
Yet not a picayune cared I
For what he did or said,
Unless, as happened frequently,
The rascal wet the bed.

LOSELY *he cuddled up to me*
And put his hands in mine,
Till all at once I seemed to be
Afloat in seas of brine.
Sabean odors clogged the air
And filled my soul with dread,
Yet I could only grin and bear
When Willie wet the bed.

IS *many times that rascal has*
Soaked all the bedclothes through,
Whereat I'd feebly light the gas
And wonder what to do.
Yet there he lay, so peaceful like;
God bless his curly head,
I quite forgave the little tyke
For wetting of the bed.

Hme! those happy days have flown,
My boy's a father too,
And little Willies of his own
Do what he used to do.
And I, ah, all that's left for me
Are dreams of pleasures fled;
Our boys ain't what they used to be
When Willie wet the bed.

AD *I my choice no shapely dame*
Should share my couch with me,
No amorous jade of tarnished fame,
No wench of high degree.
But I would choose and choose again
The little curly head,
Who cuddled close beside me when
He used to wet the bed.

NOTE: *Mr. Field said that his wife took the boy away on a visit, and he found in their absence he could n't sleep till he got up and poured water on his nightshirt.*

Z239.2
N2B
1921f